MOTHER EARTH

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Vol. V **APRIL, 1910** **No. 2**

ANARCHISM—The philosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man-made law; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary.

ANARCHY—Absence of government; disbelief in, and disregard of, invasion and authority based on coercion and force; a condition of society regulated by voluntary agreement instead of government.

ANARCHIST—A believer in Anarchism; one opposed to all forms of coercive government and invasive authority; an advocate of Anarchy, or absence of government, as the ideal of political liberty and social harmony.

WAR

By ARTHUR STRINGER.

From hill to hill he harried me;
He stalked me day and night;
He neither knew nor hated me;
Nor his nor mine the fight.

He killed the man who stood by me,
For such they made his law;
Then foot by foot I fought to him,
Who neither knew nor saw.

I trained my rifle on his heart;
He leapt up in the air.
The screaming ball tore through his breast,
And lay embedded there.

Lay hot embedded there, and yet
Hissed home o'er hill and sea,
Straight to the aching heart of one
Who'd wronged not mine nor me!

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

THE election of the Social Democratic candidates in Milwaukee seems to have confused the minds of even some usually clear-headed radicals. They think it a Socialist victory.

The truth of the matter is that the citizens of Milwaukee got tired of corrupt Republican and Democratic rule. The aroused civic consciousness demanded cleaner politics and an honest administration. This the Social Democrats promised them. The people evidently had faith in their promises. The cumulative popular disgust with the old parties and broken pledges swept the Social Democrats into power.

But it is childish to pretend that the election of the Social Democrats is a victory for revolutionary Socialism. On the contrary, it is its *débâcle*. The original purpose of Socialist political activity was to propagate revolutionary Socialism, i. e., the abolition of capitalism and wage slavery. Political Socialism has perverted the *means* into an *end*. The Milwaukee brand, especially, has transformed Socialism into a demand for clean street cars, three-cent fare, cheaper gas, and public lavatories. On equally revolutionary planks such men as Potato-patch Pingree, Golden Rule Jones, Tom Johnson, Brand Whitlock, Judge Gaynor, and others have been carried into power with tremendous pluralities. The Populists had been even more radical.

The Social Democratic success in Milwaukee is a victory for petty bourgeois reform. It is fraught with great danger to real Socialism, the ideal of liberty, equal opportunity, and justice. The present "victory" will prove the final *débâcle* of American Socialism if the Socialists at large don't take timely warning against the siren promise of political success at the cost of forswearing their real aims and ideals.

* * *

"MOTHER" JONES, the well-known Socialist agitator, having investigated the conditions existing in the large bottling shops of the Milwaukee breweries, gives a heart-rending picture of the terrible exploitation of the girls employed in that industry. Underpaid and underfed, mostly consumptives, these helpless

victims of insatiable greed are sentenced to slave daily at hard labor under the worst imaginable conditions. Sentenced, because of the crime of involuntary poverty. Even the right to organize is denied them.

The editor of the *Call* observes that "even the powerful Milwaukee brewery barons may be made to bend before the storm of indignation that is sure to be aroused by a nation-wide knowledge of the grewsome conditions in their establishments." Perhaps. But a much simpler and more immediately effective method would be for the powerful union of the Milwaukee brewery workers—mostly Socialists, by the way—to demand, under threat of a strike, better conditions and the right to organize for the girl slaves in their own industry. Why do they keep silent in the face of such terrible conditions? Is it because the three-dollar-a-week girls are not worthy the attention of the aristocrats of labor? Is it possible that the spirit of the Milwaukee brewery workers is on a par with that of the highly paid brewery workers of Philadelphia, who *refused to join the general strike?*

* * *

AN unquestionable thirst for notoriety often leads people to perform ludicrous antics. Fortunately such buffoons, nuisances though they be, soon pall on the public and are quickly relegated to well-deserved limbo. But the passion for notoriety may occasionally assume such Herostratus proportions as to become unbearably disgusting and a potential menace, as in the case of Roosevelt.

True, the people are proverbially a patient animal. But one might think it would give even a billy goat indigestion to daily stomach such nauseating, disgusting sensationalism as that traveling clod of concentrated bluff and conceit reeks with.

But the chief culprit is the press. Keenly alive to marketable goods, it glories in serving as the privy for the excrement of the macrocephalic sensation monger run amuck. A pitiable commentary on American journalism.

* * *

MODERN criminology has convincingly demonstrated the utter failure of punishment to diminish crime. That Draconian methods—severe laws, excessive sentences, and brutal treatment—have no power to check the

growth of anti-social acts, has been proved historically, statistically, and psychologically. Yet some people are so constipated intellectually that they cannot get rid of their fetid mind-matter. A goodly proportion of these men is on the bench, dispensing capitalist justice. One of this fraternity, a wise Christian judge in the great metropolis of this enlightened country, rises to acquaint an unsuspecting world with his newly discovered panacea. It is necessary, says our kind-hearted cadi, that the maximum punishment be handed out to criminals, so that others of like character may be sure the courts will show no mercy. Once the criminal classes realize that judges will deal with them most severely, crime waves will subside. That is the way to suppress crime.

No man above the intelligence of a natural-born imbecile can fail to understand that existing economic arrangements, poverty and want, are the fruitful producers of crime. Add to this the vitiating spirit of our commercialism and the corrupting influence of oppression, and the continuous increase in crime is fully accounted for. The judge who attempts to cure the effects of such vile conditions by the maximum of brutality belongs to the time—and the abode—of Torquemada.

* * *

THE little village of Cheyenne, in obscure Wyoming, had long been dreaming dreams of greatness. It longed to become famous, to set the world agog by some great deed of glory, compelling the admiring envy of the world. Ambition gave it no rest. Waking or sleeping, mostly sleeping, it saw visions of immortal fame, yet ever in the distance, ne'er close enough at hand to grasp opportunity by the forelock.

Years and decades passed, and the waters of time kept rolling into the ocean of eternity. And still nothin' doin'. At last, quite unexpectedly, as all great events happen, the longed-for opportunity arrived. Emma Goldman came to town! Cheyenne—the metropolis of Wyoming, if you please—was not slow to grasp the psychologic moment. The country was to be saved, and Cheyenne was equal to the occasion. With a brace and pull, now, all together, the whole force of the "finest" of the city—now all awake—bravely stormed the platform and—arrested the redoubtable Emma and "Chi" Ben. Gingerly

were the prisoners of war handled, lest their pockets explode. B'gosh, you can never tell!

At the station the prisoners were released on a bond furnished by two unnamed sympathizers, and the hearing was set for the next morning. All Cheyenne kept awake that terrible night. Full well they knew the awful peril, with those two bloodthirsty Anarchs in their midst. Oh, the anxiety of that night! At last blessed morning dawned, and the good men and women and children of the now celebrated Cheyenne trooped into Main Street, in their Sunday best, right up to the police station, you bet, to witness the execution of that orful woman thar. And while the farmers stood open-mouthed, craning their necks, and intently listening for the fatal fall of the executioner's knife, lo! the dangerous prisoners came serenely walking out of the station, accompanied by the whole police force, the latter violently trembling and dejectedly apologizing for their previous night's rudeness.

Thus Cheyenne, the metropolis of Wyoming, saved the country, crowning itself with a wreath of glory. The wreath can be seen every Sabbath day at City Hall.

* * *

THE tenth annual convention of the Workmen's Circle (Arbeiter Ring) will take place May 4-8, in New York City.

The Workmen's Circle is a fraternal organization of workingmen sufficiently progressive to pledge themselves not to give their support to any political party standing for the preservation of wage slavery. The Circle consists of almost five hundred branches in the United States and Canada, with a total membership of nearly fifty thousand.

Considering its numerical strength and progressive character, the Circle could be expected to play an important rôle, especially in the life of the Jewish population. It should prove the intellectual inspiration of the American ghettos, carrying the gospel of its revolutionary faith to the congested tenements, vile sweatshops, and child-employing factories.

Unfortunately it cannot be said that the Circle has proved such an avant-guard in the cause of social regeneration. True, it is to some extent a factor in Jewish life. Yet by no means anything like it could and should

have been. The reason is quite simple. The Circle has been wasting valuable time and energy on the mere incidental issues of its existence, the thousand and one financial problems of mutual aid associations. Its main *raison d'être,* intellectual companionship and united effort toward labor's emancipation, has correspondingly suffered.

It is to be sincerely hoped that the tenth convention will bring a more revolutionary spirit into the life of this great organization. An important and very necessary work awaits it: to check the growing bureaucratic and commercial tendencies of the Circle, and inspire the members with more zeal in the cause of the proletariat.

* * *

THE police plot to railroad Comrade John Schreiber into an insane asylum has been nipped in the bud. As mentioned in our last issue, the Supreme Court of New Jersey declared Schreiber's conviction illegal, reversing the decision of the lower court. The police realized that they could not again convict our Comrade on perjured evidence. Seeking revenge they plotted to send Schreiber to a fate worse than death. But their hellish plans miscarried, partly owing to the protests aroused against the vile scheme, and partly because the State insanity "experts" could not agree. As a result, Comrade Schreiber had to be released.

The other police victim, the youth Adams, arrested together with Schreiber, is still in the merciless clutches of the prostitute justice, serving his sentence in spite of the conviction having been declared illegal by the higher court.

* * *

DURING the rabbinical congress, held recently at St. Petersburg to consider questions of importance to the Jews in Russia, Premier Stolypin warned the congress to confine itself to matters of religion and not to mention political grievances.

The incident is strongly reminiscent of a similar occasion in Philadelphia, whose Mayor during the progress of the general strike addressed threatening and insulting remarks to an audience of ministers. In effect the Mayor commanded them to preach to the starving strikers peace and obedience to constituted authority.

Caesarism, everywhere, speaks a common language,

A STUDY OF THE GENERAL STRIKE IN PHILADELPHIA

By VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

A "CONDITION" is always more interesting than a "theory." The general strike of organized labor in Philadelphia has been the most interesting and instructive phenomenon in the economic struggle which any American city has offered since Chicago in 1885-6. It has revealed many things, both to its friends and its enemies, which no amount of theorizing could have foreseen. Its direct consequences, while considerable, have been insignificant compared with indirect results. As I wrote in my last month's article, it was called some ten days later than it should have been; it was fixed for Saturday morning, March 5th,—Saturday being a blunder in itself, since most trades quit work at noon on Saturday anyhow. The general expectation was that the next Monday would be the test day, opponents contending it would collapse by Tuesday morning, while friends generally expected the manifestation of solidarity to be greatest on that day. Both, however, were mistaken. The number of organized workers out began with 50,000 on Saturday, rose to 60,000 or 70,000 on Monday, increased Tuesday and Wednesday, the ranks of the strikers swelling by appeals to the unorganized until 135,000 workers were out, according to the figures of the general strike committee, though some reports fixed the number at 160,000. The height of the strike was probably either Wednesday or Thursday, March 9-10. From then on the balance was about maintained by some going back and new ones going out for a week. Then the return tide generally set in, and at the end of three weeks the general strike was declared off.

Let us inquire what happened. The natural feeling, both on the part of friend and enemy, was that with the withdrawing of 100,000 people from the factories, the hostility of the city toward the car company would manifest itself in open demonstrations,—car-smashing, scab-smashing, parading, demanding,

etc. Unfortunately, the fatal policy of procrastination which had originally delayed the calling of the general strike, had given the company and their agents at City Hall, the Mayor, the Director of Public Safety, the Superintendent of Police, and above all the courts which had been sentencing rioters to merciless punishments, an opportunity partially to denature the vital principle of the general strike, viz., active, open, and determined assertion of its demands.

Something, however, has to be said in extenuation, or at least in explanation, of this blunder of waiting. It was the policy of some of the participants in the car strike to play for public sympathy; to make it apparent to the half-awakes and the indifferents that they had no desire to inflict undue hardship upon anyone; that they waited as long as possible for the company to recede from its position; and that all blame for the general strike must rest with the P. R. T., which refused every overture for arbitration. It must be admitted that in this they succeeded. All newspapers, while attacking the principle of the general strike as tyranny, and, of course (word of conjuration) "un-American," contended that right-thinking citizens must agree that the car men were right in the matter of being willing to arbitrate. That the support so gained was dearly bought by the devitalizing of the spirit of the people, is probably apparent to them now. If not, they need the lesson again.

Another explanation, however, and even a more important one, is that, "They didn't because they couldn't" call the strike sooner. At least officially. Herein lies the great and fundamental problem for organized labor: Is it to go on trying to meet the conditions of industrial warfare with the old inadequate weapon of the isolated union? Here was a case where the spirit of the people had gotten out of control of its narrow bonds, and human nature was clamoring to "go out with the car men,"—ten or twelve days before. But the Central Labor Union had no power to make the declaration. Each union must vote on the question at its own special or regular meeting. And the days ran away. The police were clubbing and shooting. The cars were running.

The generous spirit was already beginning to evaporate; men calculated. They said: "How can we afford to go on strike, when according to the Constitution of our Union it will be an illegal strike, and we shall receive no benefit from the international? We would believe in striking, if we could receive the support of our own treasury; but the consequence of striking in this way will be that those who cannot stand the financial strain will scab it; our own organization will be disrupted, there will be victimizations; men will suffer for years for the action of a few days; and no one will be benefited." Nevertheless, when the C. L. U. passed the resolutions calling for the strike, the wave swept up again. Ardent spirits talked, and careful spirits kept their mouths shut,—which is a way careful spirits have, and then of blaming the other side for talking afterwards. Nevertheless, what the careful spirits foresaw, is precisely what has happened. Within two weeks some of the most ardent strike-talkers were scabbing it,—resting secure in the knowledge that any union man has a right to scab it in an illegal strike, and furthermore that the only way for them to atone to the bosses for their mischief-breeding talk was to get back to their jobs first. And a good many of the careful souls have been victimized along with the rest. From all of which two things must be apparent:

1.—That the unions must either break away from their old forms, to organize industrially; or they must devise some special means of responding to the call for the general strike in the future, by which they may order themselves out quickly, and maintain their members while on strike.

2.—That wholesale enthusiasm is a straw-fire which burns out quickly; therefore it must be utilized at once, if at all; *therefore*, those who seek to burn barriers away with it, must direct it to the barriers at once.

Now, the fact is that those who called for the general strike had very much mixed ideas of what they were going to do with it after they got it. They *did* call for a mass meeting, having secured the Ball Park (private property) for the occasion. The police closed

the Ball Park. The people then marched, 50,000 strong, down Broad Street. You would think this was an occasion to express their convictions concerning the P. R. T., the rights of the car men, the rights of union men, the rights of workingmen, the rights of people, their detestation of the "dummy mayor," the tsarism of Director Clay, the thuggery of "cop"-ism! Fifty thousand are a good many! But so little idea had anybody of saying or doing anything at all, that a few hundred cops (slightly more than were detailed to keep Emma Goldman from entering Odd Fellows' Temple last September) waded into the marchers with their clubs, drove them right and left, knocked some of them down, arrested a few more, and—"the ball was over." By the eternal gods, Dominique Donelli did better than that two years ago!

Strikers of Philadelphia! When the unemployed Italians marched to City Hall to ask for work, and received the club and the revolver, a lot of you said, "It served them right; they are dagoes." When the Anarchists appealed to the Central Labor Union to support the right of free speech, denied by Director Clay to Emma Goldman, Ben Reitman, and Voltairine de Cleyre, you refused to protest against Clay's action, because we were Anarchists.

Have you had a lesson now? Do you know now that you are no more to Clay than the "dagoes" and the Anarchists? Have you learned what a police club is for? Do you see whose "right of private property" is respected and protected? Do you know now who is allowed to hold meetings and march on the streets? Do you know now that your place is with him whose liberty is attacked, be he who he will?

Now, a glance at unorganized labor, and a feature of the strike which is more gratifying. From personal conversations with a number of unorganized workers who struck, I have learned that in the mass they struck very inconsciently. Supt. Vauclain, of Baldwin's Locomotive Works, where the most satisfactory strike of the unorganized element took place, was right when he said that "the men could hardly help striking,—it was sort of in the air—they would come back in a few days." Unfortunately this was

true, though not so much in his particular case. However deficient the unions, one thing is sure,—a union strike has more stamina than a non-union strike. Another reason to direct it *quickly*. People walked out of the shops with the sound of feet in their ears, pretty much as horses commence to mark time when they hear a band of music. Had they walked out with any definite purpose in their heads they might have accomplished it, and remained heroes in their own eyes ever afterward. I suspect that the Bastille was taken by some such a sleep-walking crowd. However, these had no intentions, and three days afterward they went apologetically to the boss and told him they didn't know why they had quit; and now they will remain foolish in their own eyes ever afterward. And the boss's too.

Notwithstanding this, and as a splendid offset to occasional disruption and victimization, there has been a net gain of many thousands to the ranks of organized labor, as a side result of the strike. The Committee of Ten reports it as 20,000. This may be figuring too high, but it is certain that it approaches that number. The organization of Baldwin's alone, with two-thirds of its skilled employees enrolled, is a great piece of work. Moreover, one element of the unorganized has been attracted, of which I have not spoken: that class of workers who were not in the unions because they were superior to the unions; because the narrowness and meanness of the trade union spirit disgusted them. Numerically, of course, these are few, but they are active and valuable spirits; and it was the sympathetic strike, the recognition of solidarity, which won them.

The failure of certain associations, such as the brewers, the typos, the musicians, and actors, to join in the strike, because of their contracts made through the national or international unions, puts another problem to labor men for settlement: How to modify the contract system so as to leave the local free in case of a local sympathetic strike? The bricklayers and builders stood by their class and broke their contracts; the brewers, etc., stood by their contracts and played traitor to their class. Of musicians and actors

it was rather to be expected; they are, after all, hangers-on of the bourgeoisie; but the brewers and typos have disgraced themselves.

Well, Philadelphia has set the first example,—a feeble example, lacking in purpose, wasting itself by reason thereof, and by reason of lack of organization and delay. However, it forced the company to the semblance of compromise; it made the Mayor and the City representative on the Board of the P. R. T. do what they had loudly proclaimed they would not do, confer with the officers of the car men; and while the terms were not accepted by the car men, as being deceptive and a mockery, and they are still out, there is no doubt that the enemy recognizes that the weapon of industrial warfare in the future will be the general strike,—and dreads it.

Do they perceive, do *the workers* perceive, that it must be the strike which will *stay in* the factory, not *go out?* which will guard the machines, and allow no scab to touch them? which will organize, not to inflict deprivation on itself, but on the enemy? which will take over industry and operate it for the workers, not for franchise holders, stockholders, and office-holders? Do they? Or will it take a few thousand more clubbings to knock it into their heads?

Philadelphia began a certain other fight one hundred and thirty-four years ago; she didn't win it on that 4th of July either. She was held by the British after that. But the fight went on, as this one will. What transportation company will be the next to precipitate the battle? *Six different companies in as many cities have raised the trolleymen's wages since this strike began.* Evidently they decline the battle, and are more after immediate profits than crushing unions. But in a year or two some other city will have the fight. Let them profit by our mistakes.

LIGHT AND SHADOWS IN THE LIFE OF AN AVANT-GUARD

BY EMMA GOLDMAN.

THE Jews believe that continual success tends to make one forget the omnipotence of God. Evidently they know that the Lord is not a very generous gentleman. He allows them just so much success as would never make them forget their dependence upon him. Gods are petty creatures, anyway.

The avant-guard has no such easy consolation as the infantile mind of the religious man, who places all the responsibility on the broad shoulders of Jehovah. He knows that his success or failure depends on the conspiracy, not of the things in heaven, but on earth; far more inexorable, much harder to overcome, than the wrath of the God of Israel.

The majority of people in America are mentally so lazy that nothing short of an explosion can wake them up from their apathy. Thus, anything that is not sensational and loud has no interest to the average, self-satisfied, sluggish philistine. To overcome this difficulty is something that will tax the patience and hardihood of the staunchest avant-guard, yet this is only one of the ninety-nine other hardships one has to fight against and struggle with, which allows but little light in the life of the avant-guard.

PITTSBURG, PA. Eighteen years ago, on Thanksgiving Day of 1892, I made my first pilgrimage to that city of smoke and fire—that hell compared with which Dante's Inferno was but a milk and honey affair.

Thanksgiving! What a mockery in American life. The giving of thanks at the order of Washington for the right to be duped, to be fleeced and robbed; for the right to be consumed by the horrible, insatiable flames of the Carnegie Smelter; to be killed, burned, and maimed.

Never before was I so conscious of this huge American lie, as on the 2th of November, 1892, on my first visit to Pittsburg.

I came to tramp the road to Golgotha, to the shame of

civilization—the Western Penitentiary. Ah, yes! I had all reasons to celebrate Thanksgiving. Two months prior, an American court of "justice" had bestowed a "mere trifle" on my Comrade and friend, Alexander Berkman, —a twenty-two years' imprisonment.

Twenty-two years' prison for a "crime" which even the corrupt State of Pennsylvania held punishable with only seven years. Twenty-two years' confinement in an American prison, and in that worst hell of all hells—the Western Penitentiary. Legal justice is a cold and cruel thing. So terribly cruel, that of late it has aroused the timid even to the barbarous, inhuman, and blood-curdling conditions behind American prison walls.

"This, too, I know—and wise it were
If each could know the same—
That every prison that man builds
Is built with bricks of shame,
And bound with bars, lest Christ should see
How men their brothers maim."

In 1892 the world had not yet been stirred by the inimitable cry of an agonized soul, Oscar Wilde's "Ballad of Reading Jail," and I had never before seen the hideous prison walls. But when the horrible dream of a mock visit was over,—a visit as hideous as everything else in prison life, a visit in the presence of a human beast in the form of a keeper, degrading every manifestation of feeling,—when the nightmare was lifted from my chest, and I breathed the pure air of nature again, my whole soul felt then, what has since been described by Oscar Wilde in these lines:

"The vilest deeds, like poisoned weeds,
Bloom well in prison air;
It is only what is good in man
That wastes and withers there.
Pale anguish keeps the heavy gate,
And the Warder is Despair."

The "good" Christians, who had the power to watch over my Comrade, among them Warden Wright, assured me that I need never come again, as Alexander Berkman will not live very long. "We will see to it that he never comes out alive."

That he did, is surely not the fault of those monsters who thrive on the blood and pain of their helpless victims. Nine years later, in 1901, I came again to see my friend. The shrewd vigilance of prison authorities is no check for friendship and love. I found our Comrade strong in body and spirit, a living proof of what perseverance, courage, and determination can accomplish, in spite of all odds.

Every little incident of the terrible years between 1892 and 1906 stood before me in all their horror, when I made my recent pilgrimage to that awful hell on the banks of the Ohio River.

It was no longer Golgotha to me, for my youth's companion was there no longer. Yet when I placed my hand on that hideous grey prison wall, I felt the heart of all that human mass within, chained and fettered, beaten, flogged, and outraged, victims of a wretched, cruel world, and as of yore I promised myself to continue with greater zeal, with intenser devotion, the labor of making man conscious of the brutality and inhumanity of our Christian civilization.

* * *

Two meetings, one English and one Jewish, were fairly successful. The difficulties in finding halls, and the fear of the newspapers to mention my subject, "The General Strike," failed to bring the usual large attendance of previous meetings in Pittsburg.

I came to this tremendous industrial center at the very beginning of the general strike in Philadelphia. No doubt the press realized the danger of such a subject, at such a time. In fact, one of the newspaper men expressed himself thus: "Well, Miss Goldman, don't you think you are taking too much responsibility in advocating a general strike now? Fancy if the workers of Pittsburg should become conscious of that weapon! Why, it would tie up not only the State but the entire country; it would mean a revolution. Indeed, we could not let the people know at this moment that you are to speak on such a dangerous topic."

Ah, if the workers would only become conscious of this dangerous weapon. Indeed, they will, they must, some day, even though the truth be suppressed now. What

then? The authorities, the legalized pilferers, and highway robbers know; the press knows; the workers, too, will know.

Apropos of the American press. It has so thoroughly fettered the American mind, that the most advanced, the radicals even, are under its sway. They, too, believe every silly, ridiculous statement they see in the papers, although experience must have taught them how utterly false, inaccurate, deliberately dishonest, the papers are.

"E. G. advises the extermination of children in every family that has more than two." Evidently the newspapers in this country have exhausted their supply of "degrees" they have been bestowing on Emma Goldman. "Exponent of violence, bombs, and dynamite, the propagator of general chaos and disorder," are epithets out of date. Nobody believes in them any more. "The believer in a liberal supply of husbands and the destruction of the sanctity of the home," are also rather stale. Something new must be found to discredit the woman and her work, else people will begin to believe in her sincerity. We have got it brand new, straight from Pittsburg: Emma Goldman proposes to kill poor, innocent infants, to exterminate the race of idiots, cripples, policemen, jailers, soldiers, newspaper liars and vilifiers.

Isn't it pathetic that even some thinking people actually believe such rot? I hear that some of my own comrades have grown alarmed; they even asked me to make a public declaration denying the story. Yes, the press is a poisonous germ. I am almost inclined to believe with our friend Reitman, that if any blowing-up is ever to take place, the American press will have to get the first dose of explosives.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. How little the success of our meetings depends on the newspapers was manifested in Minneapolis. On previous occasions they wrote columns upon columns of interviews. This time they maintained a conspiracy of silence. Yet we had four English lectures, two of which were tremendously attended, although the meetings had been arranged in three days. The Sunday afternoon audience was particularly large and intensely interested in the general strike. A collection for the Philadelphia carmen, which unfortunately was taken up after many people had left the hall, netted $5.50. Min-

neapolis continues to remain a splendid field for propaganda.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA. My first visit here, though only with twenty-four hours to arrange meetings, proved a moral success. The material end of it was frustrated by none other than the managers of the hall, the Labor Temple. Friend Reitman rented the hall for $4, but on the evening of the meeting he was informed that if he "charged admission, the committee of the Labor Temple will insist on $25 rent." A fair example of how much justice may be looked for from the millennium of our friends, the Socialists, when the working man will be in power. As the demand of the Labor Temple people was a regular hold-up, we decided to have free admission.

The next evening our meeting was held in the City Hall. Yes, there is actually one city in America that still maintains the old tradition of using the town hall for all public purposes. That no exception was made with Anarchists was much to the credit of the liberal spirit of Sioux City. However, I confess I did not enjoy the hospitality of the city hall, probably because I was too conscious of the graft and fraud that are going on within the walls of every public building. In Sioux City the town hall is also used for a court room. Remembering the many victims who are brought up daily in the same place to receive their doom at the hands of some kind judge, I felt too depressed in that atmosphere. I was glad when the ordeal was over. I shall never again attempt to plead for liberty on the same floor where it is being outraged every hour in the year.

The most pleasant experience of my visit in Sioux City was the meeting of the group of Jewish men and women, mostly Socialists, who are carrying on effective educational work through the Hebrew Progressive Library. They have a beautiful little hall of their own, with quite a variety of books, and the members are most eager to read and learn.

OMAHA, NEB. When I came to this city the first time—eighteen months ago—my good friend Herman Michailovitch had worked hard for six weeks to organize the meeting. This time everything had to be done in two days. Of course, the audiences were not very large, but Omaha makes up in quality what it lacks in quantity.

This is particularly true of the women who come to the meetings. In no other city have I had such a large percentage of women, so thoroughly wide-awake and interested in all progressive subjects. Thus it is always a pleasure for me to visit Omaha, even though I never need an express wagon to help me carry away the filthy lucre.

I have just completed my work in Denver, but space will not permit me to report the many pleasant and unpleasant incidents. I leave that for the next issue of our magazine.

Spring is in the air, and Golden California before us. Shall it be light or shadow for the avant-guard? Who cares—to the reckless belongs the world.

ANARCHIST SYMPOSIUM

TOLSTOY.

LYOFF NIKOLAIEVITCH TOLSTOY, born in 1828 at Yasnaya Polyana, Russia, is known throughout the world for his writings, which have dealt with all the principal phases of the social question. He has written so much that it is difficult to select from the mass, but "My Confession," "What I Believe," "My Religion," "On Life," "What Shall We Do Then," "The Kingdom of God is within You," "Patriotism," and "Thou Shalt Not Kill" contain the pith of his philosophy. His style is singularly clear and easy of comprehension, in accordance with his repeatedly avowed conviction that all that is necessary for the solution of social questions is to speak plain truths in the most absolutely plain manner. Despite this extreme outspokenness, he is probably one of the most generally misunderstood of modern authors, thanks to his profound admiration for the teachings of, or attributed to, Christ. Instead of being, as some appear to think, an upholder of religion and the church, he is unquestionably one of the most formidable and unrelenting foes that the church and religion, as the term is usually understood, have ever had, for the essential fact regarding Tolstoy is that he is entirely free from mysticism, his criticism of life being based, solely and exclusively, on reason. The following passage from his work entitled "On Life" shows this clearly:

"Human life, from getting up in the morning to going to bed at night, is an unbroken series of actions; man must daily choose, from hundreds of actions possible to him, those actions which he will perform; therefore, man cannot live without something to guide the choice of his actions." * * * "Reason is that law, recognized by man, according to which his life is to be accomplished." * * * "If there is no higher reason—and such there is not, nor can anything prove its existence—then my reason is the supreme judge of my life."

This passage gives clue to Tolstoy's method of approaching social problems; accounts for his extreme individualism and shows, apart from his repeated express declarations on the point, that he has no conception of an external God, the sole arbiter being within each one of us, and each acting according to the dictates of his reason. Tolstoy's appeal, therefore, is always to reason, the "still, small voice." He has expressed himself as having no great liking for Herbert Spencer, but in this matter, which is basic with him, he entirely agrees with the demonstration that Herbert Spencer gives of the fact that whether we recognize it or not, we invariably act as at the moment we consider best; that is, according to the dictates of our reason. In the work just quoted from, Tolstoy further states that "the ever increasing subjugation of the bestial personality to the rational consciousness is the true life; is life, as opposed to mere existence." In all this Tolstoy is in complete accord with his fellow-Russian, the Anarchist Bakunin, who, viewing the social question as a part of the evolutionary law of the progress of mankind from a less perfect to a more perfect existence, says: "History consists in the progressive negation of man's original bestiality by the evolution of his humanity."

Tolstoy, therefore, admires Christ solely because Christ seems to him to have been the most reasonable of teachers. So far is he from regarding that teaching as supernatural that he expressly declares that he hopes it may be true that such a man as Christ never existed, since, if the doctrines attributed to him were really a part of the general philosophy of the age in which Christ is said to have lived, they would have far more weight than if coming from one man.

He regards Christ as the most reasonable of teachers because he taught the doctrine of perfect love, which, in Tolstoy's view, is the universal solvent.

Proudhon bases his teachings on Justice, as the indispensable cement, without which society cannot hang together. Tolstoy regards Love as the basis of Justice. In the work "On Life," previously quoted from, he says:

"What living man does not know the happy feeling, even if he has felt it only once, and in most cases only in earliest childhood, of that emotion in which one wishes to love everybody, neighbors and father and mother and brothers and bad men and enemies and dog and horse and grass; one wishes only one thing, that it were well with all, that all were happy; and still more does one wish that he himself were capable of making all happy. One wishes he might give himself, give his whole life, that all might be well off and enjoy themselves. Just this, this alone, is that love in which man's life consists."

From this standpoint, then, Tolstoy approaches the consideration of the church, the law, government, and private property. As to the first, the following is selected from an infinity of similar passages: "Strange as it may sound, the churches have always been not merely alien but downright hostile to the teaching of Christ, and they must needs be so. The churches are not, as many think, institutions that are based on a Christian origin and have only erred a little from the right way; the churches, as such, as associations that assert their infallibility, are anti-Christian institutions. The Christian churches and Christianity have no fellowship except in name; nay, the two are opposite and hostile elements."

Of man-made laws, enforced by human tribunals, Tolstoy has as poor an opinion as that entertained by Proudhon, pointing out that their main characteristic feature is that they are upheld by violence, which is a denial of the fundamental law of love. "We know," he says, "how laws are made; we have all been behind the scenes; we all know that the laws are products of selfishness, deception, partisanship; that true justice does not and cannot dwell in them." "The recognition of any special laws is a sign of the crassest ignorance."

All that Tolstoy has to say in criticism of law is repeated, but in far harsher terms, in his condemnation of

government and the State, which he defines as "an association of men who do violence to the rest." "All governments, the despotic and the liberal alike, have in our time become what Herzen has so aptly called a Jenghis Khan with telegraphs."

The men at the head of governments "practice violence not in order to overcome evil, but solely for their advantage or from caprice; and the other men submit to the violence not because they believe that it is practised for their good—that is, in order to liberate them from evil—but only because they cannot free themselves from it."

Far from the men in power being the pick of society and the proper guardians of righteousness they are inevitably, by the very fact of their having got into office, among the worst of men. "In order to obtain and retain power one must love it. But the effort after power is not apt to be coupled with goodness, but with the opposite qualities, pride, craft, cruelty. Without exalting itself and abasing others; without hypocrisy, lying, prisons, fortresses, penalties, killing, no power can arise or hold its own."

"Everybody knows that those in whose hands is the power—be they emperors, ministers, chiefs of police, or common policemen—are, just because the power is in their hands, more inclined to immorality, to the subordinating of the general welfare to their advantage, than those who have no power; nor can it be otherwise."

"The scheming of the possessors of authority—nay, their unconscious effort—is directed toward weakening the victims of their authority as much as possible; for, the weaker the victim is, the more easily can he be held down."

In all this Tolstoy again finds himself absolutely at one with Spencer, who, in his "Plea for Liberty" and other works, demonstrates with a wealth of illustration drawn from social and individual life, that power always seeks to enlarge itself. The following, also from Tolstoy, reads like an extract from Spencer: "To-day there is only one sphere of human activity left that has not been conquered by the authority of government; the sphere of the family, of housekeeping, of private life labor. And even this sphere, thanks to the fighting of the Communists and Socialists, the governments are already beginning to invade,

so that soon, if the reformers have their way, work and rest, clothing and food, will likewise be fixed and regulated by the governments."

Regarding the State as being essentially based on physical force, Tolstoy naturally has much to say of the police and the army, "a class educated to kill those whose killing the authorities command." He describes the army as a collectivity of "disciplined murderers"; its training is "instruction in murdering"; its vaunted victories are "deeds of murder." He points out that "the army has always formed the basis of power, and does to this day. All possessors of power have always cared first and foremost for their armies." He declares that "governments need armies particularly to protect them against their oppressed and enslaved subjects." How essentially unchristian the State is, in Tolstoy's judgment, is shown by his statement that, under the obligation to military service, "every man has to take in hand deadly weapons, a gun, a knife; and, if he does not have to kill, at least he does have to load the gun and sharpen the knife—that is, be ready for killing." *(To be continued.)*

THE MARKET FOR SOULS

By HUTCHINS HAPGOOD.

TO the readers of MOTHER EARTH this book* will not have very much to say. The great majority, at any rate, of radical people know these facts about prostitution well. They not only know the facts, but, knowing them, and moreover, knowing their causes, they have a more humane and more sympathetic attitude towards the victims of the social evil than is true of the world in general. For radicals, therefore, this book will have very little value other than to furnish another record of facts by which they can profoundly criticize the present order of society; facts, however, already well known to them.

The book ought to be read widely among conservative people. All well-meaning individuals, whether they are conservative or radical in theory, tempera-

* THE MARKET FOR SOULS. By Elizabeth Goodnow. Mitchell Kennerley, New York.

ment, or circumstances, admit the terrible character of modern prostitution. The very phrase, "social evil," employed by conservative people, shows that they are conscious of the fact that prostitution is a disease of society and cannot be attributed to individual weakness, wickedness, or perversity. And yet, in spite of the fact that conservative people recognize the social nature of prostitution, see that its causes are social, are society causes rather than personal or individual causes, they nevertheless for the most part hold a contemptuous, condemning, unkind attitude toward these unfortunate girls. Most conservative people regard these prostitutes as painted monsters, loathesome, wicked. They are painted devils, perversely wrong, to be avoided, not to be thought about, to be regarded and treated as if they were hardly human.

It is obvious that such an attitude is not only reprehensible morally, but also stupid and uncivilized. And it is as a help to the correction of these elementary evils of feeling and of intelligence that "The Market for Souls" has value. The sincere woman who wrote this book had unusual opportunities to know the girls who are called prostitutes—and who are, indeed, prostitutes. But, knowing them, she knew that they were, essentially, girls and human beings, not merely prostitutes. In these sketches of which the volume is composed, she tells sympathetically, and yet truthfully, the life stories of a number of these victims. In the course of this volume the various causes of prostitution are suggested; the conditions under which it exists, the character of the life involved, is told with simplicity, sincerity, seriousness, and feeling. As much as her art allows, the facts and the girls are permitted to speak for themselves. The personality of the writer does not get between the readers and the truth. It is clear that the author is morally interested in the situation. It is not an "art for art's sake" book. She wishes to do good by it—to modify the unfeeling ignorance of the world, to add to moral civilization—but yet this moral angle does not essentially interfere with the candor and truth of the presentation.

If the art of the author had been greater—in this respect it is not remarkable—the truth of the picture would have been more profound, though the actuality of the situation as described would have been no clearer. Compare, for instance, "The Market for Souls" with Phillippe's "Bubu de Montparnasse," a story of a Paris prostitute and her *souteneur*. This book of Phillippe's is artistic sympathy itself. So thoroughly is the material felt and realized, that the eternal beauty of real art is attained, even in such a theme. The artist was in thorough vital sympathy with his material. One moral or ethical result of this absoluteness of sympathy is that there is no exaggeration or imperfection of proportion in the picture.

Mrs. Goodnow's book, however, admirable as it is in the way I have indicated, seems somewhat out of proportion in some respects—due to a lack, not of feeling or of knowledge, but of artistic interpretation. The "white slave" aspect of her sketches, the universality of the *souteneur*, and the rather unvivid way in which that individual is pictured and accounted for, is a case in point. But the stress ought to be laid on the undoubted fact that her book is essentially truthful, right ethically, and of importance to civilization. In view of this, it is unfortunate that the conservative press, which could, if it desired, cause this volume to be widely read by just the people who ought to read it, has shown very little interest.

If the book were a radical book, if it had been written with the purpose of attacking the present organization of society, a press which supports that society could hardly be expected to give wide publicity to such a publication. But that is not the fact. The book does not concern itself with economic or political criticism. The facts that it shows are facts recognized by those conservative people who are informed. It is admitted by conservative people that prostitution is a social disease. Mrs. Goodnow merely gives sympathetic and civilized pictures of existing conditions.

The attitude of the conservative press, therefore, toward books of this type cannot be explained by their opposition to radical thought as such; for this

book is not a radical book. The cause, I imagine, lies merely in the unwillingness of conservative people to read anything that they call "disagreeable," being unwilling even to know that there are sad facts in our society, facts which they vaguely feel they are somehow, perhaps, partly responsible for. And the press recognizes this general unwillingness, and tends to suppress candid books which try to tell the truth about sad and tragic conditions.

Probably very few conservative people realize that truthful pictures of social disease may lead to radical thought. That, therefore, is not the general reason why books of this kind are compelled to struggle severely for existence. It is largely based on the widespread, unimaginative, unstrenuous desire to regard only what is deemed "pleasant." The passion for what is "pleasant" is one of the most serious obstacles in the development of civilized society.

❦ ❦ ❦

A MARCH WIND

By HENRY MAY.

IF Sam ever had a romantic feeling, none of his friends suspected it; as prosaic as his name, life to him was a serious affair. Seemingly incapable of a deep emotion, he plodded through life much the same as when going and coming from work. Living all his life in the city, he was a being apart from its joys, frivolities, dissipations. Art and literature were vague and shadowy things for him, and he took but a casual interest in public affairs, his opinions on these matters being superficial and held without enthusiasm. A son of the soil, with commonplace ideas, the weather, crops, and next election were staple topics of conversation with him. With virtues abiding, if not spectacular, he was retiring to the point of self-effacement; in fact, his one unpardonable vice was docility. All of which goes to prove that, if judged by modern standards, Sam was not cast in an heroic mould or likely to break into the Hall of Fame.

The most conservative and methodical of men have their indiscreet moments, and Sam had his. I remember

two. The first was about clothes, the second about a girl. His inherent conservatism prevented his acting rash in either case. The whisperings of Spring once reminded him that he was still young—in years—and caused him to order a gray suit instead of the customary black one, and spend nearly two weeks' wages on it, or about double his usual amount. When the new suit arrived home, and he took a good look at it, he became aware of the fact that he might be noticed if he wore it. He was frightened at the thought and at once gave the suit to a younger brother—and went back contentedly to his old clothes.

He began keeping company with a girl, and while his friends wondered how it came about, he called on her regularly twice a week and puzzled them still more as to his topic of conversation: he was so reticent. It didn't last long, as he soon learned that the girl was keeping company with another young man beside himself, and so he sent her picture back with his two little brothers, and the affair was eventually forgotten.

Life with such individuals is of necessity uneventful. No purple patches, no transcendent love affairs, no struggle for freedom that imprints itself indelibly upon the sands of time. A dull grayness and sameness that hovers over their lives from dawn till evening tide and causes others to wonder how life is endurable. The secret of Sam's life lay probably in his bigness of heart and willingness to help others. Generosity, with most people, is merely a theory: their wants are so many and varied, they speculate on how nice it must be to be generous, but the phrase "charity begins at home" covers a multitude of sins, and many a good impulse is still-born. The conscience is soothed with the assurance that "I would be generous if it were not so expensive." Of course, this is merely another way of saying that if I were not so selfish as to have a great many wants, I would be able to be generous. Sam never read Aristotle; had probably never heard of him. But he felt that the way to be generous was to act generously, and although always as poor as a church mouse and working twelve hours a day most of the time, he was always able and willing to help others. In after years, when he was married, his wife made him carry his lunch and refused to allow

him to have more than his carfare, because—she said—he always gave away what he had, anyway. Not to be outdone entirely, he frequently shared his lunch with some hungry wayfarer and felt happy over it.

Just reaching manhood when his father died, it was natural for Sam to become the breadwinner for his step-mother and three children, who were half-brothers and sister to him. He did this for some years, even after the step-mother married again; and later on when he went to another city to live, the remittances continued coming regularly. A plain man, with virtues not obtrusive, he worked hard and accumulated only responsibilities. He realized in a hazy sort of way that certain things had to be done, and as he was as well fitted to do them as others, he did them without stint or complaining. Working seven days a week, with one day off a month, it never occurred to him to join a union or rebel against his condition. His only complaint was that he hadn't time enough for his garden and chickens, and chores were being left undone. Such natures are antipathetic to anything revolutionary, and their virtues often aggravating.

Gentle and non-aggressive, with none of the primal instincts of man, his was not the nature to appeal to women. His friends were surprised to hear of his marriage, and guessed the woman forced the issue. Disappointed in another suitor, his wife married him—partly from pique, and also because her mother saw in him one who would provide a good home for her daughter and perhaps herself. He did not disappoint them. Married under such circumstances, life could not be inspiring. But this is a prosaic world, and things went on as before.

Looking back over the years that have fled, one is tempted to say that if children had come to bless this union, things would have been different. But none came; and as Sam was unable to inspire his wife, she sought inspiration elsewhere. If he knew of his wife's love affair, he carefully concealed it. Lovers come and go even in novels, and as this is a work-a-day world, this one went and Sam's life continued in the same dull round of duties, duties, duties. After some fifteen years of married life his wife died, and as his mother-in-law had gone before, he was left alone—alone, with nothing to

do but work all day in the railroad yards and come home at night to his chickens and silent, empty house. He was nearly fifty now. If there had only been children or some responsibility, life would have been more endurable.

* * * * * * * *

The March wind rustled among the trees as we neared the house, a reminder that Spring was near. Spring, with its buds and blossoms, its gentle breezes and invigorating air, foretelling the birth of new things: life in the inception, with all its hopes and joys. Drinking in the air we move slowly, musing, softly thinking of the years that have gone. Hard years most of them, but time has mellowed them with an autumn tenderness, and they are lived over again with mingled feelings of joy and regret. It's nigh eighteen years since we met and much, much water has flowed under the bridge. Things will look different to both of us, but it will be good to go over the old times and talk of those who have gone before. It will be good to look into each other's eyes, clasp hands, and *feel* the days that are now a part of eternity.

The sun is up, yet the house is strangely silent. A somethig remote and intangible vibrates through us, and we feel, as it were, an impending catastrophe. Our knock sounds loud and hollow. No answer. Again, and again, and still no answer. The latch-string hangs outside; we draw it and try to enter. A rush of gas—and then—a man on a couch, a dog beside him, both dead. A coffee pot on the gas stove, with a jet open, tells the tale. He fell asleep, the pot boiled over. A little tragedy, that's all. The faithful dog kept watch beside him and remained to the end. Prosaic in death as in life, his leave-taking was as unobtrusive as his existence. Unaffected with pomp or ostentation, searchings of heart, or tearful farewells, he departed quietly. Gazing long on this lonely man and his dumb friend, we felt no sorrow: they slept so peacefully.

The March wind entered gently and tenderly fanned his cheek, murmuring softly, Why talk of sorrow? Our friend lived his life quietly and without regrets, or it he had any kept his own counsel. That he ever experienced what you call the "joy of living" is doubtful; yet his life was not in vain. And after all, what is this thing

you call life? A thing of gossamer, so fragile that it is separated from death ofttimes by—a cup of coffee.

* * *

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

AFTER an agony of thirty-two years, Giovanni Passanante died at the criminal insane asylum at Monte Lupo.

In 1887 Passanante attempted the life of the then King of Italy, Umberto, for which unsuccessful effort he paid a dear price. The brutal treatment in prison undermined the young man's reason till he finally went insane. Professor Lombroso, after visiting Passanante in prison, declared him an *uomo geniale.*

The Anarchist press of Italy has fittingly honored his memory as one of the victims of the bourgeois régime, which, having began as a republic, ended in a monarchy.

* * *

In place of the suppressed *Il Pensiero* there now appears at Triest, Austria, a new Anarchist organ, *La Questione Sociale.* The local authorities are evidently magnanimous toward our comrades, saving them the expense of printer's ink: out of the four pages of the publication, three are blanks, thanks to the governmental censor. *La Questione Sociale* is to be addressed: Via del Bosco 1, Triest, Austria.

* * *

The comrades of Barcelona inform us that *Tierra y Libertad,* suppressed during the uprising, is being issued again. Communications are to be addressed: J. Grau y Guardia, Calle Arco, San Cristobal 10, Barcelona.

* * *

Another publication, *Solidaridad Obrera,* the organ of the Workmen's Confederation of Catalonia, also suppressed during the uprising, is being published again. In the first number of the new issue of February 12th, the Confederation states that its next convention will take place in September, at Barcelona.

* * *

In connection with the above information it is necessary to point out the latest infamy of the International

Socialist Bureau. The latter, consisting of the corrupt politicians Vandervelde, Anseele, Furnémont, and Huysmans, has issued an appeal to the Socialists of all countries, calling for financial aid to found a Socialist daily in Barcelona. The following passage appears in the circular: "By supporting the Socialists of Catalonia, you will help to eradicate one of the oldest hotbeds of Anarchy in Europe." The gentlemen who signed the call thus brand themselves the accomplices of the Spanish executioners, and that at a time when our comrades are passing through a most critical period.

* * *

The coming conference of the Anarchist federation of Germany will take place at Halle, on the 15th, 16th, and 17th of May. We earnestly hope that our German comrades will finally adjust their personal petty misunderstandings and with solidaric effort continue the propaganda of Anarchism.

* * *

Comrade Oskar Karlson, editor of the Anarchist organ *Brand,* published at Stockholm, has been sentenced to one year prison on account of an anti-militarist article.

* * *

In spite of its youth, the Anarchist movement in Roumania already enjoys two publications: *Revista Ideei,* a monthly literary review, and *Roumania Muncitore,* a weekly syndicatist paper. Comrade A. Galatzeano, one of the most prominent Roumanian Anarchists, has now made the proposition to issue another organ, to be devoted especially to the education of the general proletariat. He appeals to all those interested in emancipation to aid his efforts.

* * *

The government of Argentine is gradually abolishing the extraordinary brutalities following upon the killing of General Falcon, the Chief of Police of Buenos Ayres. The Anarchist daily, *La Protesta,* is appearing again, its first numbers having just reached this office. The editors of the paper, imprisoned during the martial law period on board of the warship "Guarda National," have published the terrible details of the atrocities committed upon the people by the soldiers and police.

The man who killed the Chief of Police with a bomb, afterwards attempting suicide, is a young Russian by the name of Simon Radowitzky. He had previously been active in the Anarchist movement of Russia, where his zeal and energy resulted in a protracted prison sentence. His attitude before the court of Buenos Ayres was self-possessed in the highest degree. He declared that he killed the Chief to avenge the brutalities of the police against the workingmen during the last May demonstration. In his speech to the judge, the prosecuting attorney demanded the death of the defendant.

* * *

Our indefatigable comrade, J. W. Fleming, of Melbourne, Australia, writes to us, under the date of December 16, 1909:

Dear Comrade Emma Goldman:—

I am writing to inform you of the latest developments of the coal strike at New Castle, N. S. W., which has been going on for six weeks without any sign of settlement. A labor member named Hughes is doing what he can to defeat the miners who stand firm for direct action. Their leader, Peter Bowling, is a strong advocate of the general strike, who has tried his best to bring it about, but was prevented by the strike congress which is composed of aspiring labor politicians. Bowling is so disgusted with the weak-kneed schemers that he has publicly stated that the "miners will continue the struggle, even if they have to go alone." The coal lumpers have joined the miners and refused to unload the ships. Hughes and the strike congress have ordered the wharf laborers to continue work, which means blacklegging on the coal lumpers. This is the commencement of a struggle for supremacy between direct action and the labor politician. I am afraid that the politician is the most favored at present.

With regard to your visit I am doing all I can. I am negotiating with some men who have promised to join me in raising a subscription after the Christmas holidays. I am very anxious you should come, and will continue doing my uttermost to bring you here. I feel disappointed whenever I look at the literature, knowing you have lost on it so heavily. I thought I would be able to do something at Christmas, but the strike has blighted my expectations as everything is at a standstill. Tom Mann is leaving Australia for South Africa, and he remarked to me that it was a pity you did not come, as he had made success a certainty amongst the miners at Broken Hill and Part Piere; but he said it would keep, and you would be all right whenever you came. I read the last MOTHER EARTH account of your struggle for Free Speech to my Sunday meeting which does splendid propaganda. We must hope for the best.

* * *

The Japanese government is competing with the Tsar in despotic brutality. No Anarchist is permitted to remain at large, and all rights of free speech and press have been abolished. The latest outrage is the suppression of the freethinkers' organ, *Jiyu-Shitsu.* Comrade Kano, a gifted young authoress, has been sentenced to two months' prison and four hundred yen fine.

* * *

At San Francisco there appears a new Anarchist magazine in the Japanese language, called *Shin-Sei* (The Rising Sun). Its publishers have recently issued Comrade Kropotkin's "Appeal to the Young," the translation and typographical get-up of which are highly artistic. Address: *Shin-Sei,* 1510 Buchanan Street, San Francisco, Cal.

* * *

Joseph Peukert, one of the oldest fighters in the revolutionary movement, died in Chicago. Peukert at one time played an important rôle in the Anarchist movement of Europe. His very considerable activity as an agitator was later unfortunately terminated owing to internal strife. His last years were passed in Chicago, in comparative obscurity and poverty.

REPORT OF ITALIAN PRISONERS' DEFENSE FUND

RECEIPTS.

Acknowledged in Mother Earth of June, 1909, $621.69; French Comrades of N. Y., per G. Weiss, $14.25; Workmen's Circle, Branch 259, Boston, per I. Goldman, $10.75; Catholic Priest, Phila., $10.00; D. Glick, Phila., $1.00; French Comrade, N. Y., $1.00; Bessie Gerstine, Phila, 50c.; V. de Cleyre, 81c. Total—$660.00.

EXPENSES.

Accounted in M. E. of June, 1909, $496.00; To Michael Costello for fare to Italy, $35.00; To Mrs. Donelli, 43 weeks at $3.00, $129.00. Total—$660.00.

Balanced Mar. 27, 1910. V. DE CLEYRE.

MOTHER EARTH SUSTAINING FUND

RECEIPTS.

Gilbert E. Roe, $10; Dr. M. A. Cohn's Lecture, A. R. 145, $2.65; R. Wirth, Los Angeles, Cal., Hattie Long, Buffalo, N. Y., D. Rousseau, Ossining, N. Y., Mrs. Aller, Springfield, Ill., H. Korbgoweit, Mt. Pleasant, Pa., A. Lueder, San Francisco, Cal., F. Kraemer, Kronsgart, Can., A. Algeri, Boston, Pa., each $1.00; P. Pattinelli and E. Sevi, Boston, Pa., each 50c.; A. Soldani, Boston, Pa., 25c.

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